were conscious that everything had changed since their college days; their interests had become divergent; they had grown apart in many ways. And Leslie was painfully conscious that it was she who had stood still, not Eunice. It was not until after George's visit that evening that Eunice seemed to thaw.

"So that is George," she said. Then she took Leslie by the hand. "My dear, how long have you been engaged?" she asked.

"Five years," said Leslie, rather frigidly.

"Leslie, do you know that you could have been married for five years and had that much more happiness?" asked Eunice.

Leslie began to explain the circumstances, the long series of misfortunes. There was a touch of envy in her tone which was not lost upon her friend.

"My dear," she answered, "I know that you have made a great mistake—I should say the great mistake."

"Why?" asked Leslie. "Do you believe in marrying before one is in a position to do so? If George had had your husband's advantages—"

"When Philip and I got married," answered Eunice, "he had just $50 in the world. And we spent that on our honeymoon. We had no furniture, he had no prospects except those of a poorly-paid clerk. The first three years were a continuous struggle. A month before Arthur was born we did not know where the doctor's expenses would come from. And we have been very happy all through it. Philip always says that if he hadn't had me he would never have reached the position he holds today.

"If we had waited, as you have waited—where would we be now? Dear Leslie, do you think marriage is a thing that should come after one has made one's way in the world? Philip says that it is part of life, not the reward of life."

Leslie hardly slept that night. And on the next day, after Eunice had gone, she was too ill to go to school.

She knew now that it was not likely that George and she would ever marry. She had seen her face in the mirror; she had changed even more than Eunice, but instead of taking on the matronly aspect of a happily married woman she had become a querulous-looking old maid instead. Some day George would awaken to the understanding of what they had missed in life; he would marry some young girl, and she—well, it would be like those horrible breach-of-promise cases that she had read in the newspapers.

She must let George go. She knew that he did not love her. She had become merely a part of the routine of his life.

A ring at the bell—George's ring! He never called at four in the afternoon. Something must have occurred to make him leave his office at that hour. She fastened her hair and slipped down the stairs.

George followed her into the parlor and sat down heavily. His face was unshaven, his tie sagged from his collar; he loked thoroughly dejected.

"Leslie," he said, "I have come to offer you your freedom. I can never marry you."

She looked at him; a new-born pity rose in her heart. How men had to struggle. She had not thought before that George, too, might be as wretched as she.

"The bank has failed," he continued, in a monotonous voice. "Every penny is gone. I am at the bottom of the ladder again. It will mean three years longer. Leslie, I can't hold you. Leslie! Why, what are you laughing about?"

She laughed, and the tears in her eyes were those of happiness. She went across to George's chair and perched herself upon the arm of it, just as she used to do in the first days of their engagement.

"My dear," she said, "how would you like to marry me without the house and the furniture and the new